

Mead®

# COMPOSITION

MADNESS THEORY Book 2  
THE MOTO MANUAL, ~~120~~ 120  
Volume

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~~3~~  
SUBJECT



# Madness Theory

## Book Two

Summer 2008

... The Moon When The Sun is  
the HOTTEST ...



## contents

1. Banned From Basement Sanctuary in Freehold? p. 1
2. The Night Falls Fast p. 19
3. Operation: Mindcrime p. 64
4. Dismantling the Prime Hallucinations of "Western culture" p. 112
5. Charging the Cannons p. 151
6. Facing the Demons p. 182
7. The Downward Spiral of a Man Who Won't Come to Terms with Modern Society p. 194



[1]

# BANNED FROM BASEMENT SANCTUARY (in Freehold)

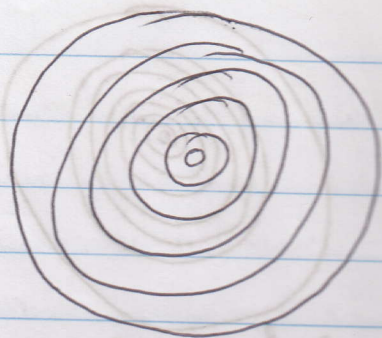


Sunday, 27 July 2008

Being banned from staying overnight in Freehold by my mother will surely hurt her more than it will hurt me for I will still manage to visit Freehold once ~~in~~ each MOON for tobacco run. She will be lonely with Warren going to Europe for 3 weeks. She will have some real privacy and ALONE TIME.

I will not feel guilty as my mother is doing this to herself. I'll finish my laundry and be off before it gets dark. I am even considering a 6 pack of Molson Ice for my return to the Grove. I wonder if this is appropriate. I wonder if I am seeking my own destruction.





The Thunder Beings roar like the ocean.  
My journey out of Egeehold may be a  
net one. I may I need my  
hat. I am trying to wash it  
now. It will signify me as the  
character I am. Now the hat  
is old, ragged, and fairly stained.

H

Right at 2:30PM as I was attempting to leave  
abruptly from my mother's residence (trying to beat  
the rain to get to the bus station  
by 3PM), the sky opened up and flooded  
the land with down pours and heavy  
rocks of hail. My mother begged me  
to stay and not to leave her  
alone in such a storm. The SPIRITS  
tell me NOTHING THAT IS SO, IS SO.



Maybe the storm is even worse in Ocean Grove and Asbury Park. Now I won't be leaving until 5 PM. I still plan on picking up beer and getting into whatever - the storm, my moods, the continuation of my "confessions".

I hear those voices whispering to me to enjoy sleep, enjoy rest, enjoy being overwhelmed and unimpressed. I Mock the goats, yes, mock them one and all! These rich goats in their Mansion communities needing more and more stuff, more and more gadgets and "upgrades".

The storm resonates with my mood, and mother is panic stricken. I chuckle in the basement, thinking the storm is my Helper Spirits. How have they interceded! I witnessed the Natural World intercede and force me from leaving "The Basement Sanctuary" just as I was leaving. My mom actually wanted me to stay. How silly it is that she does not see how she will miss my presence when I am not welcome here.



I don't want to be immature and hold a grudge against my mother. First of all, she may be dying from stress and financial insecurity. I will treat her with love and respect. I can't help it that she is pained by the thought of me destroying myself with alcohol/beer.

If my mother were drinking alcohol, I would be concerned about her even more than I am already. Why can't I do the same for my mother? Why can't I swear off alcohol so that she might have one less thing to worry about?

Now, as far as my nephew's MMME, I am afraid he is not being realistic. Isn't it naïve to believe we could find "Shorewood Forest" and live independent of the World Market Place?

There it is - the depression. I feel it. While my mother is aware of climate change, pollution, over population, and the disparity between the Haves and the Have Nots, she may not be prepared to face the fact that her son has



given up hope of finding gainful employment  
in such a world as ours.  
She may see me as a "loser".  
This hurts me. This angers me.  
This gives me all the more reason  
to seek oblivion.

†

For whatever reason, I am having difficulty  
establishing a steady connection to the  
Internet. I want to get some ADMIN work  
done on my nephew's Sharewood Forums,  
but, if I can't establish a steady  
connection, I guess I am dead in  
the water.

"xog" of whywork.org says he is  
leaving the website. I wonder if  
my creation of The Sharewood Forums  
and the fact that a few people  
from whywork immediately joined had  
something to do with xog's announcement.

Maybe he realizes that "Broken Spirit" has  
been both offended and spooked, that BS  
no longer posts on whywork because BS is  
finished with whywork.



And what is my "final solution"? Am I so filled with angst, disgust, contempt, and bitterness that I can no longer put up with being judged by my own mother?

If my mother has been the sole reason I have been "sticking around," wouldn't her overt rejection of my current state of mind give me the freedom to leave her in Freehold with my sister and to find my way alone?

Where shall I go? There is no escaping the guilt I will feel should my mother die while I am gone. I have to get over the fact that both my parents will most likely die before me. There is also a good chance that I might die before either of them. Life is not "wonderful". Life is a NIGHTMARE.

My mother thinks I am in the final stages of alcoholism. I think I need to get away from Freehold, away from New Jersey, but I am not sure where I will end up - and I worry about my mom.



#

Five mutually reinforcing guilds operate in the service of pharmacologicalism: the pharmaceutical industry, modern biological psychiatry, the biomedical sciences, drug enforcement agencies (DEA, FBI, and Alcohol-Tobacco-Firearms), and the American judicial system.

Together these institutions form the two pillars of differential prohibition: the medicopharmaceutical industrial complex (THE THERAPEUTIC STATE) and the drug-abuse-prison industrial complex (THE PROHIBITIONIST STATE).

The "war on drugs" is shameful.

Among young Black men between the ages of 15 and 35, 50% are, at any given moment, either in jail, on probation, on parole or a warrant is out for their arrest!

#

I have to be able to realize that, although my mother is sober, and while Joe Fili does care about my mental health, neither is in any position to really judge me. My mother does not understand me. She fails to appreciate how SICK AND TIRED of this world I am.



#

Wow. All these years I have thought of myself as some kind of spiritual teacher or leader, and yet I seem to really be a deeply disturbed individual with severe mental and emotional problems. - and yet !!!

I left a message on my father's answering machine telling him that I drank three 6-packs of beer yesterday and most likely was witnessed in by ~~the~~ many people in Ocean Grove in the midst of a psychotic episode.



As I wrote the above, I noticed the owner of "Sawbucks" looking at me in the back yard... he seems to hate me. Was he with Derrick? Are they in the process of having me removed from the premises? If so, where will I go next?

My mother will not take me back into her basement. Will I be institutionalized? Am I losing my mind? Am I insane?

I fuck those assholes in Ocean Grove!  
I piss on them all!



84  
Or am I like John the Baptist, cousin  
of the Nazarene? Not only am I  
concerned that I will be punished  
for my episode (last night), but I  
am also concerned that something  
really is terribly wrong with me.

All that screaming - do I think the  
people of Ocean Grove will just forgive  
me and forget about it?

I could tell by the look in the eye of  
Mr "Sawbucks" that he might be Al  
Busch himself and that I will be  
removed from the premises.

Where will I go?

I guess I will have no choice but to  
try to track down my nephew. I will  
have to either leave all my journals  
in my mother's basement or destroy  
them. I am sure that Derrick will  
regret having allowed me to move in here.  
He will most likely be unkind to me in the process  
of evicting me.



I am only HUMAN. So I was very emotional last night. So I played music very loudly last night and perhaps people see that I am experiencing some kind of emotional and mental breakdown. I am not so much embarrassed as I am afraid that I will lose my place to live. Will I be forced to join my nephew? Should I go into the hospital?

++

I best BE READY for the forces to move on me; better to be safe than sorry. ~~But~~ Ready or not, I am most likely going to get evicted from the premises. Am I ready to transport my journals and other sacred belongings to my mother's basement?





○

Thursday, 31 July 2008

I awaken wondering if my nephew is upset with me for my confessions about drunkenness and struggles with my mental health.

I think I will try to post something that will let him know that I am trying to recover. I am not very interested in writing on the Internet anymore. I don't really believe that my nephew and his wife are going to be able to find a wilderness camp, but I don't want to be too cynical and negative.

Will I look into checking myself into a hospital for a week? Or will I just smoke marijuana and make a real effort to eat better and stay away from alcohol? Should I speak with a "case manager" tonight?



2008.08.03

59

I awaken with my brain on fire! Renewable  
Quality of the Universe, Behold me!

What is the source of THOUGHTS?  
Become one with that source.

Impersonalistic Idealism identifies ontological  
reality essentially with non-conscious spiritual  
principle, unconscious psychic agency,  
pure thought, impersonal or "pure"  
consciousness, pure Ego, subconscious  
Will, impersonal logical Mind.

EPISTEMOLOGICAL IDEALISM  
derives <sup>from</sup> metaphysical idealism the identification  
of objects with ideas.

"To be is to be perceived."

There can be no object without a subject.  
Subject, relations, sensations and  
feelings are MENTAL [conceptions];  
and since no other type of analogy  
remains by which to characterize a  
non-mental thing-in-itself, PURE IDEALISM  
follows as the only possible view of Being.



92  
20.08.2005  
Phenomenology is Edmund Husserl's name for the science that investigates the ESSENCES, or NATURES of objects, considered apart from their existential or metaphysical status.

The early UPANISADS teach mystical impersonal idealism.

The world ground (brahman) is identified with the universal soul (ātman) which is the inner or essential self within each individual.

Schopenhauer → voluntaristic idealism

Voluntarism - the theory that the will is the ultimate constituents of reality.

The will is the primary stuff of the universe; that blind impulse is the real; in nature - this impulse being quite purposive.



What were Harry Haller's complaints in Steppenwolf?

Am I in an insane predicament?

Where does Schopenhauer's voluntary idealism leave me?

The subconscious forces of the will-to-live are the primary stuff of the universe.

The world is my *Verstellung*.

The world is my Conception.

The world is in my head, but my head is in the world.

Shalonda is in my heart, but my heart is in me. My mother is on my mind, but my mind came out of my mother.

My nephew's ideas are radical, and I wonder what role I played in radicalizing his thought-power.

Supposedly, radicalization is a thought crime, Operation: Mind Crime.



I do not doubt that Schopenhauer was  
a freak of Nature who saw deep into  
the universal condition of Being.

I do not judge him harshly for his  
lifestyle. I seem to worship  
his genius, his superior intellect  
and integrity. His utter honesty.

I wonder if Kurt Vonnegut Jr ever read  
Schopenhauer. Vonnegut was more  
of an Ed Abbey; he played down  
intellect because education is  
often simply a game used to  
separate the managers/engineers  
from the grunts and misfits.

We can't reach the misfits with  
Schopenhauer; nor with Husserl  
and phenomenologists such as  
Merleau-Ponty or even our own David  
Abrams. They already understand  
these things intuitively. We don't  
have to "learn 'em phenomenology."



(C)

Monday, 4 August 2008

"Such beautiful handwriting..." No. It's the ghosts in my machine.

I've been thinking back on when I felt like an "outsider", when I felt people were speaking about me derogatorily... as a "lunatic" or "radical" or even "possessed by the Devil".

Going back in time, in Matawan I was viewed as a menace. I associated with nearly anyone and did not "discriminate".

I showed hospitality to even <sup>the</sup> homeless from the Dominican Republic, some of the Mexicans of Matawan, and those who came by from next door. Teenagers would come through to use my computers, to ask me questions about schoolwork, or life in general.

Eventually, I had lost control of my own residence and was played out as a punk. Thalonda even called me a punk. She probably still thinks I am a punk, a chump, an over-read old white boy who is a sucker to "non-whites" who are a little kind to him.



+

The Controllers want me to think I am weird. They want us all to think we are weird.

Meanwhile most the stress caused in the so-called industrious workers is the result of travelling to and from the work-place, school-place, or outpatient treatment program.

The workers feel justified in hating the lazy lay-about since their brains are so fried from their mind-numbing redundancy of their meaningless existence.

What are they chasing? No time to pause?  
No time to WORK ON THEIR spiritual, intellectual, psychological, physical growth?

+

There seems to be a "magical" quality to reading the Mojo Manual aloud in solitude by the shoreline in the morning that makes me feel possessed.

A voice takes possession of my body,  
Will this occur in those who read,  
should they, if they read these scrawlings after I'm dead?



101  
H

ANOMIE - a reaction against, or  
a retreat from, the  
regulatory social controls  
of society.

If our culture rewards evil, ignorance,  
or threatens mistreatment to  
those who refuse to play the  
game, then it appears that  
there is a culture that is  
the enemy of all life on earth.  
how does one cease  
participating in this culture voluntarily?

The Fool opposes reason in a petty way.  
This "reason" is viewed as good sense  
and the logic of self-interest.

The Madman opposes reason in a great  
way.

Can we ever be free of our own thoughts?  
Language is only a feeble and  
distinct echo of thought.  
Madness designates as its opposite not  
sanity, but stupidity.



# DISMANTLING THE PRIME HALLUCINATIONS OF "WESTERN CULTURE"



Thursday, 7 August 2008

One of the prime hallucinations of Western culture - and the whole paradigm of dominance - is the belief that WHO YOU ARE is a skin-encapsulated ego.

This leads to the separative self.

separate → from Latin se = self = on one's own

For Western culture, it is separation which prepares the way for selfhood. But this doesn't match reality. Yet, there are rewards for those who manage to maintain a sense of DISCONNECTION.

People are rewarded with a sense of dignity (manhood) if they are able to maintain a sense of self-control - as opposed to BEING PRESENT to lived experiences.



CULTURE

This sense of selfhood - of being a skin-encapsulated ego allows you to numb your empathies. If we all become empathetic, the system of dominance collapses.

+

Western  
naive -  
a

The ocean filled me with mystical anger and heartfelt resentment of "New Jersey Law" which gives "townspeople" authority to charge humans to go in the water, to outlaw dogs from walking anywhere near the beach.

Normally I have no problems as I go before 9 AM; but today I was late, and I was confronted by a "wrist band salesman / beach guard". I promised to be in and out. He made a comment about, "What if everyone did this?"

ON -  
of to  
that -  
lived

I thought to myself, "This would be great. We could be like the seagulls and even leap over fences and walk on all fours through the dunes. Reading endgame seems to be making me aware enough to become angry over everyday aspects of our culture."



++

"Those who believe they have something left to lose are 'ever-so-much more' manipulable. Those who realize they have nothing left to lose have nothing left to fear, and they can be extremely dangerous to their victimizers."

- Jensen

++

"No European who has tasted Savage life can afterwards bear to live in any societies."

- Ben Franklin



Saturday, 9 August 2008

I awoken to a voice in my head suggesting I seriously consider suicide as a way out of this rut. I foresee a difficult three weeks ahead of me - - - weeks spent penniless. If I could just die in my sleep during a nap in the middle of the afternoon...



#

left to  
be  
left  
to  
family  
s!

So, am I remaining alive just so that my mother doesn't have to experience me dying before her?

Will remaining alive ~~be~~ be more meaningful for me if I concentrate on BRINGING DOWN CIVILIZATION?

I want to find the EXIT out of this Taken prison.

Is there an escape route or must we bring down civilization to be free? We will not be free of our needs. We are dependent upon the gargantuan artifice, the grids, the oil, the slavery, the genocide...

Wouldn't the world be a better place without jails, churches, schools, jobs, banks, rent, grocery stores?

Nobody cares if I live, or die - except for my immediate family, especially my mother and nephew. Should I go to a hospital for suicidal ideations?

If I should lose section 8, I would store my journals at my mother's and join my nephew?



15  
H

Reasons to live: MUSIC, reread my notes,  
write more notes.

How shall I live? Shall I live on eggs?  
Can I live on eggs? What foods have  
the most protein?

If the pen is mightier than the sword,  
how come I feel so weak with  
my pen?

~~Is my pen mighty?~~ Is my pen mighty?

Is the pen mightier than my voice?

If someone can shoot me in the head,  
how mighty can this be?

Is that another lie?

Is this NON-VIOLENCE fair when  
we are dealing with a obscenely  
violent system?



##

Could it be that I actually don't want to drink beer today? I drank two 6-packs of last night and probably was quite loud singing to music.

When I was on my way out to walk for more beer, I stopped to read endgame on the porch.

I pined my hungry stomach. I imagined another 6 Budweisers and became a bit Repulsed. I wonder if I should just lay down and try to nap.

##

How did I manage to change my mind when I was heading out to pick up beer? What happened? I sat down to read Derrick Jensen's Endgame. Then I layed down. I got up and wrote my nephew email expressing to him my heartfelt appreciation for his BEING Ice... My sister and her husband ought to be proud to have created a man with so much SPIRIT.



#

My aversion to the wage-slave system is a sign of my self-respect and how much I value my precious life-time. I will not sell it cheaply. Perhaps I will not sell it for any <sup>amount</sup> ~~money~~ of money (power) at all.

Alcohol consumption is not really rebellion against the system as it is conflated to be. There has to be a more effective way to REBEL than to become inebriated and vocal. How does one transform from a writer into an orator?

What would I speak about?

"Welcome to the end of the world."

My will has not been broken.

My spirit has not been broken, and yet all those self-regulating, self-policing "productive workers" are broken animals who may even deny to themselves the prison ambience of their lives. I am no criminal for still having some wildness in me — enough to have serious issues with the wage system.



11

Somehow I have managed to resist the compulsion/plan to get beer today, and now that darkness has fallen, I feel calm even though I am feeling quite sad.

I wonder if I write so much because I am alone, or if I am alone because I write so much. It surely feels more empowering to resist drinking alcohol with my own will than to believe I need a "sponsor" and "Alcoholics Anonymous" or confession or Christianity.

Reading endgame is clearing some issues of up for me. Maybe Schopenhauer and Buddhism preach HATRED FOR LIFE, but I think both do value COMPASSION for all life forms.

I am feeling lonely and have a suspicion that I miss my nephew's presence much more than I suspected. His presence in my life ~~is~~ has been a huge blessing. He is the best, possibly, only friend I have.



2008.08.10

+

Metaphorical death → once the false self dies, those in power can't touch me,

The socially constructed self dies.  
The manufactured self dies.

What is left after this gort is busted?  
The ANIMAL SELF, ANIMAL BODY.

I think, this is one thing that makes me realize just how out of touch with reality my sister is:  
she can't see that human beings are ANIMALS!

When we give up hope, we lose a lot of fear.  
You then become dangerous to those in power.  
This is a very good thing.

"The devil comes promising a larger audience."

Why tone down one's rhetoric just so as not to "scare" or "offend" those with less radical views, those who feel they have much to lose?



2008.08.10

Do I feel comfortable with the idea of  
an all-out war against males <sup>who</sup>  
fit the description of the white mutant?  
Wouldn't I be a pathetic joke  
when placed with a group of  
muscular dark-skinned men?

What is my situation?

My solution is not to reproduce, but  
isn't this more due to the fact  
that NO woman would choose me  
than a personal decision on my  
part?

Aren't I experiencing genetic  
annihilation? Shall I embrace  
this truth and rise above hatred  
<sup>and</sup> fear?

How does one dismantle the Hitler complex?  
What is the Hitler-complex?  
This is the conscious awareness of one's  
sexual impotence which presents such weakness  
as a sign of "purity" and refinement.



Weakness is here presented as something more refined, more delicate, more cerebral, more technological and organized.

Could the cold climate of northern "Europe" have motivated the people indigenous to those lands for centuries to become more calculating, more hostile toward the Natural world, more dependent upon FIRE and FUEL?

Surely, even though Hitler may have been speaking out for the poor and down-trodden, he was also very much a military man and a nationalist. He was a National Socialist. He was very impressed with the military-industrial prison complex. Airplanes, tanks, bombs, machine guns, doctors poking into living brains, the Roman Empire ...

I wonder if I will attempt to read Mein Kampf ~~to~~ after finishing Jensen's Endgame, vol 1. For what purpose? To deconstruct white supremacist ideology?



141  
2008.08.10  
How was Hitler able to find millions of  
WILLING tools and helpers?

How was George Washington able to find  
millions of willing tools and helpers?

How was the "United States" able to  
build itself through chattel slavery of  
Africans and the massacre of  
native Americans without having  
the "Old Glory" flag appearing as  
"evil" as the Swastika?

+

The decisive factor in human society  
was, to Alfred Rosenberg, the outstanding  
personality, the great lone wolf,  
the creative superman.

I seem willing to accept that Judaism  
and Christianity had a detrimental  
effect and perhaps is even the source  
of "Western" civilization; but Hitler  
would have seen me as "intellectual" and  
even "contaminated" with ideas detrimental to the



genetic survival of "the Nordic type" which he believed to be "superior".

My mother wants me to come into Freehold to construct the "cover/deck" out back, so I will most likely have to renew Jensen's endgame even though I would have finished it before the 12<sup>th</sup> (tomorrow) were I left alone.

I must choose sides with "the wretched of the earth". Hitler was a paranoiac who had no scruples about killing those he simply did not like - educators, writers, etc. He would most likely have loved my cousin Nathan, I suspect, and he would have mocked me as a "weakling".

I will renew endgame from Freehold over the telephone?

++

500,000 native Americans getting \$500,000,000

~~500,000,000~~  
~~500,000~~

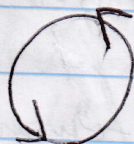
Only \$1000 each?

MONEY IS EVERYTHING in our world?



++

So, what am I to do when the Drunken Madman awakens, has a full stomach, and is insatiable? Play LOUD MUSIC?



Wednesday, 13 August 2008

I drank 12 cans of Budweiser and then walked for a 6 pack of 16 ounces ... drinking 4 of them ... almost 3, six packs! Why does this happen? I was even talking to people in public about the White Man problem.

I am planning on taking it very easy today, I must likely taking a nap by noon or so.

Odd. I can't find most of the empty cans of beer. Where did I put the empties? I was also out on the roof last night while drunk.



It really is so strange the way I've been writing for all these years. I wonder if I might be possessed by ghosts or if I am just particularly aware and insightful. There may only be so much my brain can handle — and I have gone over the edge as far as my Visions go.

++

The reason I really ought to give up drinking alcohol (even beer) is that ~~my~~ ~~tolerance~~ the last couple of times I've gotten a twelve pack, I've finished it and gone back for more! Then the following days I become seriously depressed. Today I feel like I want to go to sleep forever.

I have some food in the refrigerator, but I think I am too depressed to eat. I will try to get down some corn on the cob and drink some water to rehydrate. I am very tired of THIS LIFE. I feel horrible. I wonder if I am stuck.



How do I rise out of this rut I am in?  
 Living without a "place in society," without  
 any relationships, without any social  
 connections to any community except  
 for CPC is I really starting  
 to "drive me crazy".

Could it be that there is something  
 seriously "wrong" with me or is  
 it just I that my spirit can't  
 grow in this environment?

Do we make ourselves crazy by denying  
 our genuine feelings?

I am sad. I am bored and  
 lonely. My stomach is upset and my  
 head I have an ache that won't go  
 away. ALCOHOL POISONING from  
 yesterday. How do I stop poisoning  
 myself? I wonder if I am  
 becoming more suicidal.  
 I seem to have given up on ever fitting in  
 anywhere in our society. It all seems so  
 upside down. I am an intelligent man,  
 more intelligent than most.



I feel like I am in a prison. Unemployment in a world such as ours leaves one disconnected. I have reached some kind of breaking point. I have no faith in "council" people at CPC. I am sick of the enthusiasm I see in those who are making a career out of being "mental health technicians". Ass lickers.

I really hate the way alcohol makes me feel the next day. How can some people drink every day? What kind of a nightmare are people caught in?

I see that NOBODY WANTS ME AROUND them - no women desire me. Is the ~~same~~ reason the same as why I am "unemployable"? Can I just give up the ghost?

I'm certain that my old friend Greg Gibray resents me for what he perceives as "getting over" - and yet my lifestyle, my LIFE, is NOT WORTH LIVING.



Schopenhauer would argue that no life is worth living, but I feel my life is especially not worth living.

I can't see myself living this way for much longer. Is this lifestyle of collecting SSD designed to be so unpleasant (economic house arrest) that it is supposed to motivate the individual to either return to the work force or commit suicide?

++

Today I find myself laying down in bed for little "rests", not even mapping, but trying to just keep my mind calm. I don't want to drive myself crazy anymore.

++

My body is recovering from yesterday's alcohol poisoning, but I do feel a deep sadness. After just five days at her latest job, my mother was let go (fired). She is feeling rejected. Seeing what she is going through.



really breaks my heart. I really want to pull myself together, I and stop poisoning my body and brain with alcohol. Enough is enough!

H

I made it through a very long day, but I finally had an appetite around midnight. I ate a slice of wheat bread with peanut butter and a cup of noodle soup. I dropped a Serenquel and now I am sleepy. My body longs to sleep.



Thursday, 14 August 2008

Dream Recall: I am in some kind of courtroom, and a man that looks like a muscular version of Al Pacino is telling me that my facial hair may have a disturbing effect on those who see me.

In another part, I am walking in a crowd when I see my cousin Jamie. He is very tall. We cross the street together.

In an intense and detailed part of a dream



131  
I am walking along the shore with some journals and books. When I put the books down, a huge wave came in. I raced to hug the books to my chest to protect them from the water.

++  
I awaken refreshed, renewed, and relieved as my body seems to have healed from the poisoning on Tuesday. What an amazing revelation!

And so I take my medication.

Maybe I ought to look for a way to "make a living" as some kind of journalist or writer. What would I write about? It seems pointless to attempt to publish a book. Who the hell would read it? Who would buy it? Shall I call it "My Struggle"?  
Hee hee hee.

Listening to WBAI/Democracy Now and Indigenous Voices in the morning makes me a fairly WIDE AWAKE citizen of the world.



##

Are the leaders of corporations making a few people richer while destroying the environment and our minds?

##

My nephew called me in a tremendous degree of emotional pain - Robin has "left" him. He is now alone and homeless in Seattle, contemplating taking his own life; he wants to jump off a bridge!

I pray the Great Spirit and the spirits of the Winds renew his spirit.

My mother is willing to pay for Joe's bus/train fare back to New Jersey. I have no control over the situation. What if my nephew takes his own life? It seems that he might develop a complex, thinking that he doesn't stick with anything he begins. Unfortunately, his family just makes his complex worse.





Sunday, 17 August 2008

After polishing off 4 Molson Ices and a  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of Whiskey (Jack Daniels), I went down to Clancey's and picked up another 6 Molson Ices. I drank one in public while eating 2 slices of pizza at "Luiges". I then returned home and blasted music on the computer until 3 or 4 AM!

I placed all kinds of music at the Sharewood Forums.

The amazing thing is that my body and mind feels GREAT this morning. How is this possible? Has my body built up a tolerance or is it the superior quality of the alcohol?

Molson Ice and Jack Daniels... what a combination. I actually had a great night "all alone" getting into music. Now I am just concerned about having no money whatsoever for the next 17 days!!!

31  
-17  
14



I will be forced into spontaneous detox.  
 My plan is to read books. I don't want to  
 get too depressed or overly depressed about it,  
 but, instead, I want to try to remain calm  
 (and hold onto \$20 for one more can of tobacco.)  
 Don't blow it on beer! It's over.

I wonder why I feel so "good" this morning.  
 Am I finally accepting my 4 inches of "manhood"?  
 There is nothing I can do about being a  
 "small man."

One thing about being prone to drinking alcohol  
 that is a kind of "positive," is that  
 I don't judge those who abuse it.  
 I really am mystified upon bearing witness  
 to the joy in my ~~spirit~~ heart this  
 morning. Usually I am miserable  
 the morning after a drinking "episode."

Could it be that "I" have risen out of my  
 "depression"? This is my spirit?  
 Could it be that my "spirit helpers" ~~are~~  
 are protecting my spirit?  
 I feel joy. This cannot be "purchased."



++

I must be concerned about my total lack of resources, but isn't it a fact that most people, even in the "wealthy" USA, are living lives not worth living? Am I among the poor due to a particular inadequacy or is it due to the nature of our economy?

This is a common experience, this sense of NOT doing well, this sense of being a failure?

I will take my "anti-depressant medication" but I really don't believe psychiatric medication does me any good. Part of me admits that surely psychiatric medication must be better for my mental state than alcohol.

I have to develop very thick skin so as to deflect the bad vibes (judgmental attitudes of those who may resent me for sitting around writing all day). The winds soothe me. The spirits are the wind itself?

++

Modern medicine (including psychiatry) treats the symptoms of illness. Does it seek to heal the whole person? "CPC" seems to give me plenty of freedom. I only get harassed by flunkies like Lou -



281  
a fucking nasty van driver with road rage  
and I no respect for CPC clients.  
There are those employed by CPC who  
may resent me, and they have no control  
over me. I wonder why I even  
bother getting on the van, only to be  
subjected to a long evening of  
MIS-TREATMENT.

Why do I validate this scam?  
How do I free myself from CPC?  
Do I go in every Thursday night  
merely to fulfill the minimum  
requirements of the Homeward Bound  
program which grants me section 8  
rental assistance?

I sincerely despise the word, "program".  
Programs are for machines, not  
for human beings. I genuinely hate  
several of the "personalities" who are  
employed by CPC, and it frustrates  
me to have to be subjected  
to their total ignorance.

This is ignorance parading around as  
authority. Attending "program" is demeaning to  
me.



191  
Nothing that is so, is so. What Christians, Muslims, and Jews call God, is not god, but a demiurge. What they call the devil, is perhaps the true spirit of the universe.

These concepts of good and evil seem relative. Who really knows?

+

The thought of suicide has gotten me through many rough nights. I wonder if I will travel into Freehold ~~for~~ to clean Warren Pfeiffer's bathroom. He promises to pay me \$50.00. I really need \$50. It could buy me a little weed and a can of tobacco.

I can't connect to the Internet and I don't even give a shit. Nobody bothers to check out rhod. Nobody at all. I'm in there all alone. The world ignores me. It is only frustrating if I cared about fame, which I don't. I don't live for "praises".



As broke as I am, one would think I would be running into Freehold to clean that disgusting bathroom for \$50. Why not go in tomorrow?

The busfare back and forth cuts it down to \$40, minus the little weed will leave me with just \$10. How depressing.

Could the thought of suicide get me through a string of bad days?

I sure could go for about 9 beers. Too bad. Not enough money.

There's always "Natural Ice" 12-packs for about \$7.50, but that stuff truly is nasty diarrhea causing crap.

A walk to the pharmacy for my medication might do me good. I could get a can of TOP tobacco Thursday in Aberdeen. I'd either have to hold onto \$15 or clean that fucking bathroom in Freehold.

If I could give up beer, tobacco, and marijuana, there wouldn't be much need for money. I would have money for food, for ink, for notebooks, Are my demons tobacco, alcohol, and marijuana?



[7]

# THE DOWNWARD SPIRAL OF A MAN WHO WON'T COME TO TERMS WITH MODERN SOCIETY

†

Tuesday, 19 August 2008

Last night, while drinking Natural Ices  
which I spent my last \$10 on,  
my neighbor, the German woman,  
knocked on my door telling me,  
"Can I have just one night  
~~where~~ of quiet without your  
music playing?"

I became enraged.  
I went outside storming down to  
the shore. A large black cop  
almost arrested me saying that  
~~he~~ he had gotten a call  
about a man with a gun who  
was going to shoot himself  
in the head. He let  
me go.



While ~~am~~ walking along the shore, I punched the ground with my fist and must likely broke some part of my right hand.

I doubt I'll be able to scrub the bathroom in Freshhold for man's tenant. I can barely write.

I am almost positive that last night's episode will lead to my eviction. I just hope the process takes a while so that my hand heals enough to move my journals and books and computer into my mother's basement.

Could I be possessed by demons? I do not feel remorseful, but actually am quite fired up and ready to defend myself. My mother certainly will not take me back into her basement. I will go to Seattle, Washington to live with my nephew in Tent City.



291  
I wonder when Derrick will confront me about the process of getting evicted. I wonder how my mother will respond to this. I do not expect any sympathy from her.

Feeling indignant, I plan on calling out of CPC this Thursday. I am in no mood for asshole Low phony Mo, or any of the other so-called mental health technicians over in Aberdeen.

My injured right hand ought to keep me from becoming violent should I be confronted by Derrick. How will I respond to this inevitable confrontation?

My "shadow" is witnessed by my neighbors. I am wild, unruly, defiant — a totally bipolar alcoholic.



There is nobody for me to complain to about my current "predicament" for I have "done this to myself."

If I am asked to vacate the apartment, I surely will lose section 8, and therefore will be removed from the "Homeward Bound" program.

This will actually liberate me from GPC since I will no longer have anything to lose.

I must have been screaming mad last night, and yet, I have no regrets. I am sick and tired of living the way I do.

While I will miss my mother, I sense I am about to leave New Jersey and catch up with my nephew.

I really have nobody to complain to. The end is near. I don't want to be institutionalized. I don't want to be put in a cage. Where will I go from here? Dead end.



You can't blame me. You can't pin it on me.  
Wealthy women would not trade places  
with me.

††

Derrick, the manager of the building I rent an  
apartment from, says that the woman across  
the hall put in a complaint about me,  
~~the~~ not only about my loud music, but  
that she is afraid of me, thinking I  
am "insane," "out of my mind."  
She told someone that when she asked me  
to turn the music off, I "went off on  
her," that I went crazy.

I think I will call Laura of CPC tomorrow  
and tell ~~her~~ her that I am seriously  
considering moving out to Washington State.  
I will live in a Tent City and try  
to find a place with my nephew and  
his wife - maybe even his cousin  
too.

I ought to be able to still receive  
SSD even if temporarily "homeless".



I will explain that I do not like to participate with CPC because I find it demeaning. I want to try to get I out of this rut where I depend on the Homeward Bound program for shelter.

Will I leave all my books behind?

I will leave all my journals in my mother's basement. I will miss my mother terribly !!!

I don't think I could ~~bear~~ stand living so far away from my mother!

It would kill me. I think I had better wait until after February before making my decision.

If I were to lose section 8, then I may be forced to leave the state to join my nephew. I want to find my life, my purpose.



Realizing how much I would miss my mother, and how much I would worry about her were I to move far away, has forced me to recognize how lonely I am. She has always been the only Being in this world that cares about me, who loves me no matter what. I do not feel like a "baby" because of this since I remember from my time in jail that all the men in there made it clear that MOM is number one, our best friend.

I could never find a woman that would love me the way my mother does. What woman would put up with my quirks?

Oh, this life is so difficult. I don't feel like a "real man" since I am dependent upon the State for my basic needs. Am I semi-institutionalized? Do I have any dignity? Am I going through a mid-life crisis because I have led such an uneventful life? My poor nephew. I wish I could save him from the emptiness he must feel.



I am on a journey seeking Truth, and while the truth can be so painful and horrifying, I do not want to be so sad that I deny myself the wonder of breathing air into my body.

Am I afraid of death? How have we come to be in this Life?

I think I care deeply about the "clients" at CPC. I just hate what that place does to people, the way it demeans people. My anger is caused by the fact that I care, the fact that I LOVE.

I miss my nephew terribly.

I never realized how much I would miss him, and yet isn't it a beautiful thing to care so much for him? It hurts me that his parents don't seem to accept him or give him the unconditional love that my mother has given me throughout my life.



People see me as puny, pathetic, and perhaps very inferior... a computer science nerd, a fucking "philosopher," a miserable, lonely man-boy who becomes violently angry when drunk because I am so full of fear.

Perhaps it is best that I give up alcohol because my behavior when drunk could get me killed. ~~S~~ For real. Rita across the hall had a large black male come by to intimidate me, to scare me, to put me in my place.

xog from whywork.org once scolded me, making me out to be a fool who invited & beat downs... What is wrong with me? What is the Creator telling me? Why have I been created? What is my purpose? Am I a biological hoax?

No wonder no women are attracted to me. I am hardly a man. I call myself a gorkbuster warrior, but what kind of warrior am I? My father is most likely ashamed of me.



My writing against wage-slavery and my general attitude about our culture of male behavior may alienate me and cause most of the people of our culture to hate me, to want to murder me, torture me, punish me for thinking as my Tribal Identity.

I am now afraid to drink alcohol because I so often experience psychotic fits. Now I am known as a psychotic screamer, so I have to be very careful. The police may be watching me closely. I don't want to be encaged, institutionalized, or injured.

Please Mike! I am pleading with myself. Stop taking these chances I just to escape from the boredom and pain.

Ed Abbey killed himself with alcohol! Alcoholic insanity is a reality — and I am terrified. I was insulting the people... just like in Matamoras, people see me as mentally unstable. I believe myself to be unemployable due to insanity.



I remember when Ryan from Matawan told me that if he had my brain he might not be able to keep himself from committing suicide.

This is scary, isn't it?

I remember Kevin, Billy's friend, telling me that nobody listened to the shit I write about, and that I am ALREADY DEAD - just walking around "dead". I have lost the will to live?

The things I have written on the Internet, as well as the books I have leased from the library, must surely have placed me on some sort of watch list. I am on public record stating I want to see civilization collapse so as to liberate us from our misery, even if this means my death and the death of masses.

People, in general, think I am insane. Think? I am certified. My insanity is a disability. Now, the seroquel is kicking in and I am sleepy. I will reach out to (reach IN) the Creator and ask for a vision.



2008.08.20

While the govt mental-health technicians want to believe I sit around all day drinking alcohol, this is far from the truth; and I certainly do not need any structure or discipline in my life. I keep myself very busy with the ~~the~~ journey I am on.

I believe that, due to my radical honesty and creative genius, I have been systematically isolated from infecting the populace with my thoughts ... my dangerous ideas.

I may be a puny little melanin-deficient human creature, but my intelligence, deep insights into the nature of our lives, and radical fearless honesty makes me DANGEROUS to the status-quo and a THREAT to those who want to maintain the status quo. What shall I DO with my life? How shall I live today?



No woman has chosen me to father any offspring, and hence, perhaps, I have been rendered biologically useless, leaving me a lonely miserable "white man" on a planet peopled by dark-skinned peoples.

What shall be my purpose then? How shall I get through a life that may not be worth living?

Are all those who do reproduce necessarily superior to me genetically simply because women have favored them? Is it not a widespread global phenomenon for the white male to be "left alone" without wife and offspring?

Am I a hateful, miserable hermit because Nature seems to be rejecting me?

Am I envious of those who appear to be stronger, more virile, more potent? Has my intellect overcome the will to live or am I simply a biological hoax, a "boy-like man"? Do I feel I am an Outsider, a misfit?



Could life itself be some kind of cosmic nightmare of anxiety and discomfort?

Have I transcended my socially constructed ego-self and merged with Being to such an extent that I am able to say NO to life?

Am I simply coming to terms with a genetic deficiency or does my rejection of the artificial environments of civilization being hostile to my growth and development as a creature?

When will I get over the fact that my mother is involved with the cult of Alcoholics Anonymous and that people in the throes of alcoholic insanity are preyed upon by a system that wants docile, obedient wage-slaves (productive citizens)?  
Is my purpose to be a preacher, a sorcerer, a "MAGIC MAN", an antichrist?



because there is something systematically wrong with our culture and I know we are taught to live. ]

##

The fact remains that, besides my two "felonies", the psychiatric label stays on my "record" for my entire life which basically interferes with any kind of employment opportunity. I am labeled as a trouble-maker - and, actually, I truly am a trouble maker.

The mental health professionals have no ethics at all. They are morally bankrupt. The doctors who are the pillars of society are still reaping the benefits from these bodies coerced into "treatment."

Psychiatric centers consistently charge consumers for nontherapeutic "treatments" or "services" not performed.

Punishment and verbal abuse pass for treatment. People would be outraged to learn what really goes on in these institutions. Psychiatrists don't actually know what causes mental suffering. Their answer is to drug it!